

FRISCO LINES

Winter Tourist Ex- cursion Fares

To Various Destinations in the
Following States:

Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi,
Tennessee, Cuba, Louisiana,
New Mexico, Florida, Mexico,
South Carolina, Texas.

Dates of sale Nov. 1st daily to
April 30th. Liberal stop-over
privileges either going or returning.

See the undersigned for further
information desired.

J. E. VINCENT,

AGENT FRISCO LINE,

Phone 46. Baxter Springs, Kas.

City Dray Line

ED. COVEY, Proprietor

Freight, Household Goods and ar-
ticles of all kinds hauled at rea-
sonable rates

J. J. BULGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
BAXTER SPRINGS, KAS.

DR. A. J. THOMPSON,
DENTIST.

Daniels block, Baxter Springs, Kas.

*Here's Something Worth
Knowing.*

One of our farmer subscribers
near here tried a new wrinkle
this week in cleaning his har-
ness. He cleaned it with Old
Dutch Cleanser and says the re-
sult was all he could desire—that
it took off every speck of dirt and
didn't crack or stiffen the leather.
Now his wife is using Old Dutch
Cleanser to clean the cream sepa-
rator, milk pans and pails. He
says it takes off all the grease,
removes all odor, polishes at the
same time and leaves no taint to
spoil the milk, as it is free from
all acids and caustics. This is
quite a discovery and our friend
will realize that it means a great
lessening of labor—a great item
on the farm.

Record Broken.

Shattering all shaft sinking
records for the entire district
the H. L. Kramer Mines com-
pany, in nine weeks and two
days, have sunk a shaft fourteen
feet long and seven and a half
feet wide through lime, 283 feet
to air, and have closely cribbed
62 feet of the hole on their re-
cently acquired holdings, two and
one half miles northeast of Ga-
lena. Galena Times.

\$500 REWARD

For evidence which will convict the
party or parties who have been
damaging the property of the Ba-
xter Telephone Company, by break-
ing glass insulators or otherwise.
K. W. Dow, Manager.

Notice.

B. F. Crice and W. L. Jones or
their heirs will find it to their fi-
nancial interest to report to me at
once, personally or by mail.
A. V. Smith, Baxter Springs, Kas.

Wanted.

Jersey heifer taken care of for
winter, or until April 1. Want
place where male is kept. Call
at this office.

For good things to eat phone
253. Partridge & Co.

"Mound City Paints may cost
a trifle more, but—! Long-Bell
Lbr. Co."

Don't forget that when you
want a good shine, Horton's bar-
ber shop is the place to get it.

REGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER
Cures ailments of the stomach.

Francesca's Busy Morning

Francesca is an American child,
with the face of a blonde Dutch cher-
ub, the vivacity of a French infant
and an Italian front name. All this
is hard to live up to when one is but
three-and-one-half years old. On one
particular morning Francesca found
life especially trying.

She had started out after breakfast
with a properly smiling morning coun-
tenance and a perfectly clean pink
frook. When she ran gleefully into
the room where her mother was, that
young matron regarded her offspring
with an abstracted eye. Her thoughts
were on her trunk, which she was in
the act of packing.

"Run right out of here!" commanded
Francesca's mother. "And stay out
till I finish! You'll mix everything
all up!"

Francesca slid out of the room and
then beamed. Across the hall inter-
esting things seemed to be in progress
in her aunt's room.

"Francesca!" was her greeting. "Get
up—you're right in the middle of that
stuff and musing it dreadfully!"

"Watchdoin'?" Francesca de-
manded.

"Covering a box couch—can't you
see?" inquired her exasperated aunt.
"Get up and run away—don't come in
here till I finish. It's all tacks and
sissors and hammers and things!"

"I want the hammer! Give me the
hammer!" cried Francesca delight-
edly.

She felt herself propelled upward
and outward. Then she landed in the
cottage living room before she could
gasp for breath. Being there she de-
cided not to howl after all, especially
as something on the writing table at-
tracted her eyes.

"Francesca!" called her mother "You
are so still—what are you doing?"

"Nuffin," said Francesca.

Her aunt perched over Francesca's
shoulder. "Dear me!" she said. "If
she isn't sitting in the Morris chair
with her hands folded like an injured
angel!"

"Injured angel nothing!" said her
mother a few seconds later. She knew
Francesca's silences were full of sig-
nificance and had come to investigate.
"She has your red leather bridge set
and has bent up all the cards! Fran-
cesca!"

"Put her outdoors to play," suggest-
ed her aunt. "It's a lovely day. She
can't do more than uproot a few trees
or knock out the foundations of the
house!"

"I don't know," said her mother.
"Those rainy days she made life a
horror by her teasing to go out and
play, but she's so contrary. Fran-
cesca, darling, don't you want to take
your ball and little red wagon and
go out into the yard awhile in the
nice sunshine?"

"No," said Francesca, determinedly.
"Auntie'll give you the kitchen spoon
to dig with," came from the couch-
coverer.

"No," said Francesca.

"What that child needs is diplo-
macy," said her aunt. "We won't let
Francesca go out of doors, will we,
mother? She has to stay in the house
all this nice day—"

"I wanna go outdoors!" wailed Fran-
cesca.

"There!" said her aunt five min-
utes later when they had bundled her
out with her toys. "If you'd handle
her the right way you could do any-
thing with her."

A few minutes later Francesca's
mother, who had glanced out of the
window, flew into the yard and bore
her child indoors.

"It's terribly easy to manage her!"
she remarked sarcastically. "This
child's pulled up three geraniums,
broken most of the ferns and
holed down the path with her spoon
and all in ten minutes!"

"I only hope she applies the same
energy to getting on in the world
when she grows up!" wailed Fran-
cesca's aunt. "Francesca, sit in that chair
and don't you dare budge! I'm going
to keep an eye on you."

"Where is it?" inquired Francesca,
presently. She was searching up and
down her pinafore.

"What?"

"Your eye," said Francesca. "Can
I have sumpin' to eat?"

"Yes!" said her aunt. "Run out into
the pantry and lift the cover from the
big tin breadbox on the floor and take
a slice of bread. There's butter on
the top slice, which was left from the
other time you were hungry this morn-
ing."

Francesca pattered away. Presently
they both went to look for her. On
the floor sat Francesca, both hands
full of chocolate-iced cake, stuffing it
away as one famished. Much of the
chocolate smeared her countenance
and her dress.

"Oh!" cried her mother. "I forgot
that I put the cake in the breadbox.
And I thought she could wear that
dress on the train and all her others
are packed! Francesca!"

"I wanna drink!" said her child.

"You wanna spankin'!" said her
aunt. "I wish I were not unalterably
opposed to corporal punishment! I'm
kind of changing my views!"

Francesca slid over to them. She
slid one hand into her mother's and
grasped her aunt's apron with the other,
raising her chocolate-covered,
cherublike countenance beamingly. "I
wanna kiss you!" she wheedled, im-
partially.

"You little imp!" said her mother.

"Isn't she the hant!" said her aunt.

Then they bumped heads obeying
Francesca's order for kisses.

LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

"Usually there is no real pleasure in
going away" sighed Miss Wiggins.
"The clothes problem is so great it off-
sets the pleasure."

"You ought not to complain," said
her friend. "You always have pretty
things."

"It isn't that," said Miss Wiggins.
"It is that I always have the wrong
things. It has happened so many
times that I am clean discouraged.
You see, I went south a couple of years
ago and almost froze. I had taken
a lot of thin things with me and all
the while I was there the temperature
never went above 50. I had to stay
in the house with my coat on while I
waited for the clothes I had tele-
graphed for."

"It was satisfactory when you went
south this year, I'm sure," said the
friend.

"I took all my heavy things this
year," replied Miss Wiggins. "They had
been having cold days, but as soon as
I arrived the temperature rose to sum-
mer heat and I melted. There was no
use telegraphing home, for there wasn't
a thing left here that was worth look-
ing at. I had to invest in ready-made
dresses at winter resort prices. I drew
ahead on my allowance so far that
I've got to economize all summer."

"You have those things now to take
with you this summer," said her
friend, consolingly. "That must be
a relief."

"They'll be old-fashioned by the
end of the season," complained Miss
Wiggins. "Besides, I don't know what
sort of a place I am going to. Jean
said it is a bungalow, but that doesn't
tell me anything."

"Two summers ago I was invited up
to Mrs. Dwyer's to camp in the north
woods," went on Miss Wiggins. "That
was the way she put it in her note.
She said it was a most informal place,
where they did as they pleased. So I
took a lot of old clothes, and a walk-
ing skirt and was content until I saw
the others. The camp was the sweet-
est kind of a bungalow and everybody
wore evening dress at dinner, while I
appeared every day in a shirt waist.
But I stuck it out."

"Where were you last summer?
Didn't you like it there?"

Miss Wiggins laughed. "My ill
luck followed me there," she said. "I
knew Alice always had everything as
perfect as it could possibly be, so I
took particular pains with everything I
had. I was to be a week with her and
I arrived with a suitcase in which were
a shirt waist and a white wool skirt.
These I put right on and I wasn't a bit
careful about keeping them clean, ex-
pecting my trunk to arrive to help me
out. There was a dance the second
evening, but my trunk hadn't come, so
I had to wear the same skirt and
waist. The day after there was a pic-
nic, at the end of which my costume
was too soiled to consider. I sent the
skirt to the cleaner and the waist to a
laundry while I sat around in a ki-
mono in my room or wore my travel-
ing dress, which was insufferably
warm."

"That trunk never came until I
reached Anita's, where it wasn't need-
ed. Anita was crazy over fishing, and
I ruined two walking skirts, but did
not put on a single summer gown or
evening dress till I got to New York."

"How was it in New York?"

"Worse," said Miss Wiggins, dole-
fully. "It rained every single minute
and that lovely hat of mine was al-
most ruined."

"Not the one with the pansies on?"

"The same," said Miss Wiggins.
"Then when I got up into the White
mountains I hadn't a thing worth
looking at except a few summer
dresses. By that time it was colder
than Greenland and I came home two
weeks earlier than I had planned in or-
der to get warm and to be where I
didn't care what I had on. My whole
summer, like all my jaunts at any sea-
son, was spoiled by constant thinking
about clothes."

"What are you going to do this
year?" asked her friend. "Something
desperate?"

"I'm taking two trunks," said Miss
Wiggins. "In one I am carrying all
my heavy clothes, including my fur,
for I'm found I will not sit with a red
nose and blue lips anywhere, to please
anybody. In there, too, I've put my
rough-and-ready things to use when I
go with the picnic and fishing crowds.
In the other are my thinnest and pret-
tiest summer clothes and evening
dresses, with all the necessary extras.
In my suitcase I am taking a fan,
a muffler, a fancy shirt, a good waist,
a one-piece dress, two shirt waists,
a folding umbrella, cold cream for sun-
burn and two boxes of medicine for
colds."

"You are prepared for the worst?"

"I am going to have the best time
I ever had," averred Miss Wiggins. "I
intend to be ready to go in for any
sort of sport or to go out in any kind
of weather. I'm not going to borrow
so much as a pin from my hostess,
and I'm going to make a tremendous
impression on everybody, because I
shall be prepared for anything. I
shall have no dreadful memories then
of dancing in a walking skirt or fish-
ing in an organdie, and I shall be
happy."

"You ought to have a perfect sum-
mer," said her friend.

"I shall come home a new woman,"
declared Miss Wiggins. "I don't care
whether we have a cold or a warm, a
rainy or a dry season. I have risen
superior to all these things. Never
again am I going to have my visits
spoiled by clothes!"

Board of Health.

The state board of health may
be too zealous at times. If the
secretary and his inspectors did
not make any mistakes they
would be more than human and
I know that they are not more
than human; but after all I am
satisfied that they have done
much to encourage honest busi-
ness, for clean food and general
decency.

I stopped some time ago in a
town where there had been a hotel
but it had been closed up by
order of the board of health. Ac-
cording to the best informa-
tion I could obtain it had been
an abomination and a stench in
the nostrils of the people. The
closets were an outrage against
decency. Probably 1700 million
germs had congregated in the
filthy rooms and unspeakable
kitchen. The unfortunate travel-
er who was forced to lodge with-
in the putrid precincts of that
hotel took his life in his hand
and if he escaped it was only by
the special intervention of a mer-
ciful Providence.

Some time ago I stopped at an-
other hotel which was a fair rival
for badness to the first. You
could hear the bed bugs gnash
their teeth in frenzied joy as
soon as you entered the room
where you were expected to sleep
and when you arose after a night
of wearisome and uninterrupted
battle you were weak from loss
of blood and spotted like the
mottled man in the side show. I
do not know whether that par-
ticular hotel has been closed or
not. Unless it has been reformed
it ought to be.

As many as 243 prosecutions
have been instituted by one of
the inspectors, John Kleinhaus,
and 240 of them have resulted in
convictions. Some of the cases
were particularly aggravated and
demonstrated what some individ-
uals will do in order to make a
few dollars. In one case a cow
that was dying of cancer was
butchered and the meat sold to
unsuspecting customers. The
man was fined \$300 and only es-
caped a long jail sentence through
sympathy for his wife.

In another case the carcass of
a steer that had died from disease
was skinned and sold to the local
butcher but the fact was discover-
ed by the watchfulness of the in-
spector before any of the meat
had been sold to the people of
the town.

There has never been so little
of selling short weight and adul-
terated goods as now and the
state board of health is largely
responsible for the improved con-
dition. I have heard some grumbl-
ing at Doctor Crumbine but he
deserves to be commended vastly
more times than condemned. He
has done his work fearlessly and
conscientiously and he and his
leputies have tried to see that
he law is enforced.

Mail and Breeze.

Chamberlain's Stomach and
Liver Tablets do not sicken or
irritate, and may be taken with
perfect safety by the most deli-
cate woman or the youngest
child. The old and feeble will
also find them a most suitable
remedy for aiding and strength-
ning their weakened digestion
and for regulating the bowels.
For sale by all dealers.

On the afternoon of Nov. 3rd,
the W. C. T. U. ladies were most
pleasantly entertained by Mrs.
John Jones at her home on Main
street. A large number of the
members of the Union and their
friends were present. The din-
ing and living rooms were beau-
tifully decorated with red, yel-
low and white chrysanthemums.
This being a franchise meeting,
interesting papers, bearing on
this subject, were read by a num-
ber of the ladies. A novel fea-
ture of the afternoon was an im-
provised voting booth, in one
corner of the parlor. Ballots were
given the guests with instruc-
tions to vote for Governor of
Kansas, District Judge, and Pres-
ident of the United States for
1912. The result was a choice

W.B. Reduso CORSETS

The Perfect Corset for Large Women

It places over-developed women on
the same basis as their slender sisters.
It tapers off the bust, flattens the ab-
domen, and absolutely reduces the
hips from 1 to 5 inches. Not a
harness—not a cumbersome affair,
no torturing straps, but the most
scientific example of corsetry, boned
in such a manner as to give the wearer
absolute freedom of movement.

New W. B. Reduso No. 770. For large
tall women. Made of white coutil. Hose sup-
porters front and sides. Sizes 20 to 36. Price \$3.00.

New W. B. Reduso No. 771. Is the same as
No. 770, but is made of light weight white coutil.
Hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 20 to 36.
Price \$3.00.

New W. B. Reduso No. 772. For large
short women. The same as No. 770, except that the
bust is somewhat lower all around. Made of white
coutil, hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 20 to 36.
Price \$3.00.

New W. B. Reduso No. 773. Is the same as
No. 772, but made of light weight white coutil. Hose
supporters front and sides. Sizes 20 to 36. Price \$3.00.

Ask any dealer anywhere to show you the new W. B. "hip-subsiding" models,
which will produce the correct figure for prevailing modes, or any of our numerous styles
which are made in such a variety as to guarantee perfect fit for every type of figure.

From \$1.00 to \$3.00 per pair.

WENGARTEN BROS., Mrs.

377-379 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



for Governor of W. R. Stubbs,
District Judge J. J. Bulger. The
choice for W. R. Stubbs was
unanimous, save one lone vote
for Mr. Hodges. Mr. Bulger was
elected without opposition. The
two candidates for President
for 1912 were Col. Roosevelt and
President Taft, resulting in a
complete victory for "Teddy."
Across the front of the booth was
suspended a banner, in the center
of which was a beautiful por-
trait of Francis Willard. To her
right was a picture of Julia Ward
Howe and a copy of her world-
famous "Battle Hymn of the
Republic." To the left of Mrs.
Willard appeared the well-known
features of Florence Nightingale.
In one corner was inscribed the
name of Harriet Beecher Stowe,
who gave to the world "Uncle
Tom's Cabin." These brainy,
world-renowned women were
never allowed to cast a vote, be-
ing classed with criminals, idiots,
and infants. On one side of the
banner appeared the picture of a
boozy foreigner—probably one
of those recently naturalized in
Kansas City, Kansas, who was
unable to tell his age, birthplace
or to answer any question which
should be known by a three year
old child. On the other side
stood a negro prize fighter, who
is also a voter. The banner
seemed to deeply impress all those
present. A dainty three-course
luncheon was served and all ex-
pressed themselves as having en-
joyed the afternoon.

There is little danger from a
cold or from an attack of the grip
except when followed by pneu-
monia, and this never happens
when Chamberlain's Cough Rem-
edy is used. This remedy has
won its great reputation and ex-
tensive sale by its remarkable
cures of colds and grip and can
be relied upon with implicit con-
fidence. For sale by all dealers.

Surprise Party.

Some of the friends of Mr.
Arthur Ballard, living two miles
southwest of this city, gave him
a very pleasant surprise last Fri-
day night when they came in on
him. There was quite a bunch
of them, and the gentleman was
taken completely by surprise.
High five was played during the
evening and at the close of the
playing Mrs. Ballard served a
nice three-course luncheon.

"I am pleased to recommend
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as
the best thing I know of and
safest remedy for coughs, colds
and bronchial trouble," writes
Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver,
Colo. "We have used it repeat-
edly and it has never failed to
give relief." For sale by all
dealers.

Thomas C. McAbey was quite

ill the latter part of last week,
but is on the mend now. He
came near having pneumonia.

"I do not believe there is any
other medicine so good for whoop-
ing as Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy," writes Mrs. Francis
Turpin, Junction City, Ore. This
remedy is also unsurpassed for
colds and croup. For sale by all
dealers.

This County Best.

Frank Hapeman is back from
a trip over the North, North-
west, West and Southwest, and
he says this section of the world
is good enough for him. He was
gone about three months, and
while away was in about twelve
or fifteen states. He visited the
family of Wm. Buchan in Wash-
ington. He admits, of course,
that some sections of the country
are very nice, but claims that
prices and producing quality of
land considered, Cherokee county
and Southeast Kansas is the best
yet.

For pains in the side or chest
dampen a piece of flannel with
Chamberlain's Liniment and bind
it on over the seat of pain. There
is nothing better. For sale by
all dealers.

Zillar Naylor Dead.

B. L. Naylor died after a long
illness at his home in Sap An-
tonio, Texas, on Thursday even-
ing of last week.

Many of the old time Baxter-
ites will remember Zillar Naylor.
He was engaged in the cattle
business here, and a few years
ago went down into the cattle
country of Texas, where he
plunged heavily and made lots of
money. Finally he got into the
land business, and in partnership
with a man by the name of Jones
got hold of several hundred thou-
sand acres of cheap Texas land.
The price went up, and he and
his partner cleaned up about
three million dollars each on the
land. They went to San An-
tonio and built the finest hotel in
that city. It is much the style
of the Connor hotel in Joplin and
is the popular hotel of that part
of Texas.

A few months ago Mr. Naylor,
in company with his wife, went
to Germany to consult some
specialists, but the trip was not
productive of good results. He
came back and remained at Bat-
tle Creek, Michigan, a while,
but was not benefited, and went
back home.

His wife is a sister of John M.
Cooper of this city. Besides his
wife, Mr. Naylor left one child,
a daughter, fifteen years old.

Dr. English. Phone 198

A. J. Thompson, D. D. S.
Phone 261 and 90.